6.

A Great Man Fallen in Israel.

A

SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF

REV. NORRIS BULL, D. D.,

AT

LEWISTON, N. Y., DECEMBER 9, 1847,

BY JOHN C. LORD, D. D.,
PASTOR OF THE FIRST (OLD SCHOOL) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUFFALO.

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SERMON, &c.

"Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—2 Sam. 3: 38.

These words uttered by David concerning Abner, have an application in every case, where one distinguished among his fellow men for peculiar gifts, either of fortune or intellect, is summoned to the world of spirits, by the Master of Life.—When a great man falls in the vigor of his years, before the "keepers of the house begin to tremble,"—when a strong man bows himself ere the "Almond tree has flourished, or they that look out of the windows be darkened," we feel not only the measureless void, made when the mighty disappear, but receive, also, our strongest impressions of the frailty of life, of the mutability of fortune. We know that our life is a vapor when the strongest fall, we perceive when the great and gifted die that "man at his best estate is altogether vanity." "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue" is language forced, even from the worldly and thoughtless when one who stands towering like Saul among his brethren, a head and shoulders above his fellows, is suddenly removed from the places, which shall know him no more forever.—The power of death is magnified in the eminence of the victim, the king of terrors becomes more terrible, when he strikes the mighty from the place of power, or changes the countenance which bore the stamp of lofty intellect, or dims the eye

where shone the light of genius. In view of providences like these we may say with an old poet,

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings."
"Your laurels wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.
To the cold tomb
All heads must come,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel? Mark then the dominion and triumph of death who in a thousand conflicts is always conqueror at last. Consider to day in the light of this solemn providence how absolute is the power of the king of terrors in this world of ours, into which sin gave him entrance, how sudden his blow, how he tramples on principalities and powers, regardless of dignity, of position, or greatness of intellect. In the language of David to Jonathan in view of providences like these, every individual of our race may say "there is but a step between me and death." Dangers seen and unseen surround us, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noon day are ever engaged in their fearful work, amid plenty and wealth there are those who cry out of their desolate houses for bread and no man giveth them. Death is in the house and by the way, in forest and in field, in the crowded city and in the solitary cottage, in the habitations of princes and in the squalid dens of poverty. Amid the varied forms of existence and all the glow and bustle of being around us there is ever a skeleton finger pointing to the proofs of decay and dissolution, which lie in the very bosom of life.—

Death is an unquestioned and untaxed passenger with us in every mode of conveyance in all ways by sea and land. Life is itself a constant and confused struggle with Death, in which he is always at the last victor.

The first moments of human existence are embittered with pain—danger and death sit with nurse and physician by the couch of the young mother, who gazes feebly. yet with un dying love, upon the face of her first born child: And when the perils of childhood and the ordeal of infantile diseases are passed, when the anxious parents are relieved as they gaze upon the vigorous form and the fresh countenance of the long watched and deeply loved one, escaped now from these dangers as a bird from the snare of the fowler,—an arrow from the quiver of the destroyer blasts their fond expectations and consigns the young, the joyous, the beautiful to the mansions of the dead. Thus might we follow the footsteps of death from childhood to youth, from manhood to old age, and mark the few solitary survivors of fourscore years, who "by reason of strength remain, yet is their strength labor and sorrow for it is soon cut off and they fly away." But how powerless are facts, how impotent is demonstration to arouse men from their dream of security. The voice of God's providence falls like the testimony of his word upon unbelieving hearts and darkened understandings. The unbelief of the careless and confident is never overcome by testimony because it has its seat in the affections, and will not be persuaded though one should rise from the dead. The Spirit who breathed into man the breath of life when he became a living soul, can alone quicken in him again the lost image of God, and incline him to offer the prayer "Lord make me know mine end and the measure of my days what it is, that I may know how frail I am," that I may "apply my heart unto wisdom."

The practical infidelity of the skeptical and irreligious is

quite as obvious in relation to the teachings of the Divine Providence in facts of daily occurrence and of constant observation, as in the denial or neglect of the testimony of the word. The truths of experience fall upon deaf ears, as do those of revelation. No voice from Heaven, no word of inspiration, no messenger at midnight from the unseen world, no labored argument, no power of eloquence can add any thing to the startling facts which surround us on every side. Death is above and beneath us, without and within us, for "we have sentence of death in our members," his shadow is cast upon the brightest passages in the most fortunate pilgrimage through this vale of tears. The voice of lamentation is never silent—morning and mid day and night reverberate with its echoes. The wailing of mourners who lament for their dead is always heard, and sometimes in startling proximity with the boisterous merriment and the profane jest of those who will not be denied their lusts, though they should drink their wine from a skull with death for a cup bearer.

If for a time the cup of suffering, which sooner or later must be emptied by all be mercifully withheld, if we are not called to sit by the bedside of the dying to mark the agonies of dissolution, to minister consolation to the bereaved and desolate, yet "the dreadful sound is in our ears," the tidings of death are borne on every breeze. If with the mother of the great German poet we should forbid all entrance of the news of sorrow and death, if the ordinary sources of information were excluded, and our servants were warned like hers to repeat no tale of sorrow, no story of bereavement, yet should a bird of the air carry it, it would be borne on the winds which penetrated our dwellings, it would be graven on the countenances of passers by. One falls on our right hand another on our left, whose prospects of life but yesterday were as fair as our own. Upon the routes we have often

and safely travelled our neighbor meets his death, the vessels which have borne us bravely over the pathless waters are anon wrecked and our successors perish in the waters, their death shrieks drowned by the roar of the raging billows in which they find their graves.

The unhappy steamer that recently left a neighboring port was freighted with as confident a crew, with a company of passengers as little looking for death as any in which we have made prosperous and peaceful voyages. There were those who had escaped the dangers of the stormy Atlantic, seeking an asylum in the new world from the privations and oppressions of the old continent, who rejoiced and gave thanks to God now that they were in sight of the promised land, whose golden harvests were to give them bread, whose heritage of freedom was now theirs and their children's for a perpetual possession ; where hitherto an oppressed and persecuted people, they should worship God after the dictates of their consciences, with none to molest or make them afraid. But alas for such anticipations! they were destined to behold but not to enter upon the Canaan of their hopes, the land of their adoption. What pen can portray, what tongue describe the horrors of that scene, when the full freighed vessel was wrapped in a garment of fire, when for two hundred souls there was only the desperate choice of death between the two warring and discordant elements, beneath them the raging billows, above and around them the devouring flame?— Who knows the agonies that were there endured, the prayers that were there offered, the repentings that were kindled as the cry of fire rose above the voice of the waters, and the careless bethought themselves of their sins and of God, and the strong man bowed himself, and the christian called upon Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and husband and wife, mother and child, the strong and the weak, the infant of

days and the man of gray hairs went down together into the waters?

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,
While some leaped overboard with maddening yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave,
And the sea yawned around her like a hell."

The ill fated and ill managed Phœnix falls speedily before the power of the two opposite and warring elements, but a few moments have passed, yet fire and water have done their work and all is hushed, save the voice of the waves murmuring a requiem over the dead, and now and then,

"A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry,
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

But the dark angel of death appears not only in storm and tempest, he comes not alone on the wings of the whirlwind, or upon the flame of devouring fire, he walks softly in carpeted halls, and waits by the table of luxury and the couch of pleasure. He stands by beauty at the toilet and threads with the gay the mazes of the dance, and joys to linger 'till morning blushes on the scene that he may pale the fair cheek with consumption, or glaze the sparkling eye with fever. He enters the abodes of the poor as a familiar guest and without disguise, with no veil on his terrible countenance; sleek and plausible in the mansions of the rich, he is grim and gaunt in the dwellings of the destitute. With the wretched, death has no concealment, but the children of pride and pleasure too late discerns the face of their foe peering from behind the gorgeous curtains of their chambers of imagery, or looking up from the bottom of the drained cup of dissipation. As the fascinated bird leaps into the mouth of the serpent, so men by their vices appear to anticipate their doom. Yet the amiable, the virtuous, the holy die; the christian pastor is taken from his pulpit, the believing hearer follows him to the tomb. No

attainments in holiness, no measure of usefulness, no apparent value of life averts the doom of all living. Sorrow and suffering, and death are our common inheritance, the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Is this state of things the result of chance? Is a blind casualty the cause of effects so uniform? Is it a sufficient explanation of the present state to affirm that death is the necessary consequence of life, and that a simple law of production and decay should result in woes so weighty, in sufferings so exquisite? What conclusion can be more appaling than that of the Atheistic Philosophy, which leaves our race exposed to evils which are directed by no intelligence, and which admit of no remedy, dwelling in a chaos, in which darkness and confusion, sorrow and death are mingled without cause, without order or design, without alleviation, explanation or end. Or do the lax Pelagian views which so abound at the present time, afford a satisfactory solution of the state of condemnation to which the human family are subjected? Has any light been thrown on this matter by a departure from the old and fundamental doctrine of the apostacy of our father and federal head, and the consequent corruption and condemnation of our race? "By one man," says the apostle, "sin entered the world and death by sin," and "by one man's disobedience many were made sinners." Is there really any other satisfactory explanation of the present state of sin and misery? Is there any other sufficient or even probable cause than that found in the scriptures and maintained by the old theology?

We are told indeed, that original sin is original nonsense, that man suffers but for his personal transgression, and not for that of the first Adam, and that he is saved only by his own personal righteousness, and not by that of the Second Adam, "imputed to him and received by faith alone." The homely rhyme in the New England Primer,

In Adam's fall
We sinned all,

expressive of a truth which is the only sound explanation, the only sufficient cause of our actual sin and misery, a truth everywhere taught in the scriptures, and found in all the confessions of the Reformed Churches, has been ridiculed by those, who with a characteristic insincerity subscribe the standards whose distinguishing doctrines they constantly oppose. The gains of this sacrifice to the pride of the natural heart, to the dogmas of a shallow philosophy, are yet to be counted, the loss is already apparent in the withholding of divine influences in churches distracted with the new gospels which succeed each other, as new voices are heard in the pulpit from men, who emulous of the example set them in high places, have each a vision, and each a prophecy.

Stern, indeed, were the doctrines of the Reformers, of the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Puritans of England, but they found them in the bible ; and no more stern are they than the actual realities of sin and suffering, which surround us on every hand. Stern and unwelcome truths to the natural man they certainly are, bringing down high looks and humbling lofty imaginations, and putting to silence the ignorance of foolish men ; yet truths demonstrable, truths, unanswerable, truths which have formed and fashioned the noblest men the world ever saw, which heralded liberty both in the old world and the new, and which will survive when the dogmas of the new divinity shall be buried and forgotten. Upon the foundation of doctrines so humiliating to human pride, so hard to be understood, the cross of Christ is reared as was the brazen serpent exalted among the death smitten Israelites.

Out of this Cimmerian darkness of apostacy, guilt and condemnation, shines strongly by the contrast the light of the gospel. Life and immortality are only brought to view from the previous revelation of death and condemnation. To men dead in trespasses and sins, the gospel is life ; redemp-

tion is alone predicable of those sold under sin. To the enslaved, the gospel is freedom; to the helpless, strength; to those bound with fetters, deliverance; it was when we were without strength that Christ died for the ungodly. To know that we are poor, and blind, and helpless, and miserable, is a condition precedent to our reception of the gospel; the cross of Christ shines out with its true effulgence only upon the dark back ground of human depravity and inability; from the blackness, and darkness, and tempest of Sinai alone is seen the light and peace of Zion the city of the living God, and Jesus the mediator of the new covenant and the blood of sprinkling.

It is strange, indeed, that so many men, among whom are those in whose piety all have confidence, should be misled by the cry of a free gospel, which is only a proclamation of human ability and free will, darkening the cross it proposes to magnify, and making the atonement a free, infinite and sufficient sacrifice, not in its own nature, but in the nature of the fallen creatures, to whom it is life from the dead—the one sacrifice by which "He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."

With the more freedom do we glance at these things because that faithful and able minister of the New Testament, whose mortal remains lie before us, whose unlooked for and sudden removal by an acute and rapidly developed disease, we have first attempted to improve by considerations of the sorrows of our earthly pilgrimage, and the frailty of our present life, was in the whole course of his ministry of nearly thirty years, a distinguished defender of the doctrines of grace, a firm adherent of the orthodox theology. Amid the perpetual confusions of the last twenty years, the truly great man, whose body we are about to consign to the earth, remained constant to his principles, unmoved like a rock amid the thou-

sand currents of the stormy sea. Unterrified by opposition, unawed by majorities, unseduced by prospects of place and commanding position, he stood in the breach in the palmiest days of error and evangelism, at times almost alone, yet always with a lofty courage, with a grand composure indicative of his great intellect and his earnest faith, forcing the reluctant admiration, the involuntary respect of his opponents.—There seems a peculiar propriety in touching, however briefly, upon the principles, to the defence of which our departed brother devoted his life, which you here so often heard from this sacred desk, and whose maintenance in this section of the State against the floods which have been lifted up to overwhelm them, is mainly, under God, the result of the faith, the firmness, the courage and the extraordinary ability which he manifested in their defence.

It will at least be conceded, even by those who differed from our brother in their views of doctrine and order, that God has in this providence removed from the church and the ministry, one who in gifts of intellect, in endowments of learning, and in a well balanced christian character, stood preeminent among his brethren.

It is not the partiality of friendship which would rank Norris Bull among the very small number of truly great men; it is not the exaggerated and mistaken eulogy of mediocrity so common on occasions like this, that would place him among the stars in the ecclesiastical firmament; it is not the fulsome flattery which justifies its eulogium of the dead by the Latin adage "de mortuis nil, nisi bonum;" it is not that praise

> "That trumpeteth a shew
> Of virtues else unknown, and hideth up
> The many faults of poor humanity."

It is not to *create a character*, but to portray one that we apply the words of David to our deceased friend, "Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel."—

Though among the most unassuming and modest of men, his death has made his character the property of the church, and now beyond the reach of praise and blame, it is the melancholy yet pleasing duty of one, who knew him long and loved him well, to pay a just tribute to his memory.

Some men are great by the position in which providence has placed them. Some men inherit greatness, others succeed by commanding talents. Abner, of whom David uttered the words of the text, is also styled by him a Prince, and was mighty in place, as perhaps, also, in ability. Kings and potentates, statesmen and politicians are numbered with the great of the earth, without possessing in many instances either the intellectual or moral endowments, which constitute true greatness, they are stars which shine with a borrowed light, their glory is reflected and not inherent.

Others are distinguished by the gifts of fortune, and acquire fame amd distinction by the noble use of the means which God has committed to their stewardship. This is the goodness which is always great, but rarely perceived or acknowledged to be so, unless acted upon a conspicuous stage, and before a vast audience. All hearts do homage to the name of Howard, yet many a man with all the generous impulses and noble disregard of self and christian charity, which distinguished this great philanthropist, are not suffered to act upon a theatre which attracts the eyes of the world and die, if not unwept, yet "unhonored and unsung."

Others like our departed friend, are endowed with those remarkable intellectual and moral qualities, which in their combination always compel the attention of men, exerting an influence and commanding a respect, which is not limited by position, and is not dependant upon the gifts of fortune.— This kind of greatness belongs to the man and not to his place; it is individual rather than official; it is inherent and

not reflected from place or circumstances. It is a greatness which is not exaggerated by distance, but is felt the more as we approach the nearer—which marks the possessor as belonging to the true aristocracy of great men, as one of their intellectual princes, whose letters patent of nobility are from God himself.

Dr. Bull was a native of Connecticut, and graduated at Yale College in 1813, under the Presidency of Dr. Dwight. Rejecting the path of ambition and worldly honor, in which he could not have failed of distinction, he devoted himself to God in the Gospel of his Son. He pursued his theological studies in the ancient Presbyterian Seminary at Princeton, an institution long established, which has remained unwavering in its defence of the faith, amid the changes which have moved many of the early schools of the Prophets in New England, like reeds shaken by the wind. The pupils of Princeton are to be found in every state and territory in the Union, and her catalogue of names of the great aud good, both of the living and the dead, will bear comparison with that of any similar institution in the new world.

In the year 1818 Dr. Bull came to Western New York as a Missionary, and was first settled as a Pastor in Geneseo, the present capital of Livingston County, where he continued about twelve years. His labors here were abundant and abundantly blessed. As his successor in the pastoral office in this church, which grew up under his charge, which received and retains the impress of his ministry, I have had peculiar opportunities of knowing the result of his labors in the field where he spent so considerable a portion of his ministerial life. Many souls as seals of his ministry were added to the church in Geneseo, which enjoyed several powerful revivals of religion, during the period he continued their Pastor. Dr. Bull was engaged here at an early day in a conflict with one

of the worst forms of error, which under the patronage of the most prominent and influential individual in that part of the country, and one of the wealthiest men in the State, threatened for a time the extinction of Presbyterianism, and the destruction of the church in Geneseo. They were threatened with the loss of their edifice by the principal proprietor of the building. Under God nothing but the firmness, ability and prudence of our departed brother saved one of the then, largest and most influential Churches in the Western part of the State from the triumph of Socinianism, imported from Boston for the first time into the territory, and directing its first assault upon this Church, under the powerful patronage of the principal owner of the edifice of worship, a gentleman of ability and intellect, who was the landlord of almost the whole of the adjacent territory.

In this severe conflict, which was waged, not only for the existence of the Church in Geneseo, but for the cause of Orthodoxy in Western New York, for this movement was intended as an entering wedge to rend the Presbyterian Churches in our whole border, Dr. Bull was victorious over power, numbers and wealth, arrayed against the gospel; he gave this deadly heresy for the time its death blow, and saved the churches from the threatened danger, by turning the battle at the gate. He inflicted a defeat under God upon the enemy at their own chosen point of attack, and under the most powerful patronage they could ever hope to receive.

The details of this long continued contest, the history of the introduction of Unitarian teachers from the Harvard University into the High School or Academy at Geneseo; the bold stand of the young Pastor against principalities and powers; his unshaken courage in the fore front of a controversy which enlisted on one side or the other, every family in the village, and the fame of which extended over the whole coun-

ty, would fill a volume. The distinguished and wealthy individual, whose sympathies had unfortunately become enlisted in behalf of Unitarianism, to whose memory I have intended no disrespect in this historical sketch of a by gone controversy, is remembered to have borne a generous testimony to the ability of his opponent, remarking after his defeat, that if Norris Bull had been a Civilian instead of a Clergyman, he would have made one of the most eminent jurists in the State. This remark was founded upon a just appreciation of the mental characteristics of Dr. Bull, whose clear and logical intellect, and whose great power as a debater would have given him a place among the most distinguished lawyers in the country.

Our deceased friend always felt that this was the great event in his life, the most important work in his ministry, the especial commission which God had committed to him, and enabled him to perform. He did not exult over the issue as though the victory was obtained by his own strength, but he felt a profound sense of the importance of the result to the churches within the bounds of the western Synods. Yet the consummate ability, the apostolic boldness, the self sacrificing devotion to the truth which he manifested, and which inspired his trembling Church with courage to face those who held the earthly fortunes of many of them in their hands, is embalmed in the memory of all the actors in this early controversy, and entitles Dr. Bull to the lasting gratitude of all the Evangelical Churches in the western portion of this great State.

No sooner was the conflict successfully terminated, than our departed brother, with a disinterestedness as rare as had been his energy and ability in its management, gave notice of his intention to resign his charge, on the ground that although the Church were united in him, yet so many prejudices had

been aroused, and so much bitterness excited in the community, that another Pastor would have a better prospect of usefulness.

He who addresses you to day was his successor, and while memory continues her office, can never forget, with what christian kindness the dismissed Pastor took his young and untried successor by the hand, and opened the door of his usefulness by words of commendation to the people, and encouragement and counsel to the inexperieneed Licentiate, with whom he contracted a friendship over which for fifteen years a cloud has never passed, and whose counsellor, and brother and Father in Christ, he continued to be to the day of his death.

A few years were subsequently spent by Dr. BULL at Wyoming, as Principal of the Academy in that town, and in charge of the Presbyterian Church. From Wyoming he removed to Clarkson, where he spent eleven years of his ministerial life, as the Pastor of the Church, and a portion of the time he was also Principal of the Clarkson Academy. His labors will long be remembered by this Church, which increased and flourished under his ministry. An excellent scholar, Dr. BULL was more or less engaged, during his whole ministerial course, in public and private teaching, and many who are now in the ministry commenced their classical and theological training under his tuition.

His removal to Lewiston is comparatively recent, but you have known him long enough and well enough to lament his loss ; to feel that a great man has fallen among you ; and now that he is gone may his counsels be remembered, and his earnest endeavors to build you up in the most holy faith, and to repair and beautify your place of worship, bring forth an abundant harvest ; for though dead he yet speaketh, and it is an occasion of thanksgiving and gratitude to God, while you

mourn his loss, that the last years and the last labors of such a man were devoted to your service.

For the last twenty five years no man has filled so prominent a place in the ecclesiastical bodies with which he was connected, as Dr. Bull. He chained the attention of auditors, whose prejudices he was assailing, whose cherished plans he was demolishing. As a debater he was unrivalled; he possessed extraordinary reasoning powers, and in his extempore efforts clothed his thoughts with language distinguished for precision, clearness and classical elegance. It is not easy to describe the manner of our deceased friend, or show the secret of his great strength in the department in which he was pre-eminent. Unruffled amid the excitement of the stormiest discussions, he always commanded the attention of the most confused audience; when he arose to speak, all eyes were directed to him, all ears attentive. Calm, yet forcible, he touched the question in hand without circumlocution, upon the true points at issue; his manner was dignified and impressive—his voice full and melodious—his argument consecutive, and generally conclusive in convincing or silencing those of a contrary opinion. His great ability was felt and conceded by all. Many good judges who have listened to the debates on the floor of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and who have heard the ablest speakers in our National Congress, have not hesitated to express their opinion, that Dr. Bull was one of the strongest men on the floor of a deliberative body in the United States.

As a preacher he was exact, clear and evangelical, though his pulpit efforts were not equal to those called out by discussion and debate, yet he was always heard with pleasure and profit. He was a firm adherent of the old theology, and his decided character, his consistency and his constancy, amid all the fluctuations and changes in Western New York, were

the true reasons why he was not called to enter upon a larger field of usefulness, after leaving Geneseo. The situation of the churches, and the transition state of theological opinion were not favorable to the prospects of a clergyman, whose views were decided, whose position was known, who had no power of dissimulation, who had the courage to speak out against majorities, and to defend the faith once delivered to the Saints, even if he stood alone. Though not called to one of our larger churches, where distracted by conflicting opinions and a variety of gospels, it seemed necessary to seek for pliable men, with theological coats of many colors, yet Dr. Bull exerted an influence within the bounds of his Synod, greater in the whole, than that of any other clergymen.—A considerable body of the older ministers sympathised with him in his views of doctrine and order, and looked up to him as a leader; those who were opposed to him admired his talents and respected his consistency, and were more influenced by his opinions, than they might, perhaps, be willing to concede. There was a confidence in his judgment and piety, a power in his reasoning, an honesty in his course, which had a deserved weight with all parties. Many will remember how often in Synod a measure, supported alone by Dr. Bull has, after all been carried against the incipient views of a great majority. No man ever commanded more respect from his opponents, and those who never sympathised with him in his views of doctrine and order, will not refuse a just tribute to his memory, but will say with David, "Know ye not that there is a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Dr. Bull had an erect and dignified person, and an open and manly countenance, expressive of his high intellectual character; thought was enthroned on his brow, and it was impossible to enjoy his society, even for a brief period, without a strong impression of his great capacity, and his profound

learning. He was a Christian of ardent piety, though not excitable, nor apt to speak of his religious exercises. He was a firm and constant friend, as well in evil as in good report; in adversity as well as in prosperity. He was a faithful husband, and a wise and affectionate father, who commanded his children and his household after him in the Lord. He fulfilled the apostolic injunction in esteeming others above himself, never assuming precedence over his brethren, though his advice and counsel were ever at the service of all his co-presbyters, of whose reputation he was particularly regardful, and in whose prosperity he ever rejoiced. Careful of ministerial character he was prudent in his remarks, and was above all jealousy of his brethren, who with less ability might be thought to have had greater success, and to have occupied more prominent positions as Pastors than himself.

Dr. Bull was a decided Calvinist in sentiment, a thorough Presbyterian in his views of doctrine and order, and if this was not so manifest in his ecclesiastical connexion, it was because he believed himself more useful in maintaining the truth in the position he occupied in and with the Presbytery of Rochester. He never shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, he was never deterred by fears for his popularity from the full discharge of his duty. He was firm as adamant in the discharge of a good conscience; there was in him a grand calmness and confidence in storms which shook all other hearts. In times of trial and conflict there was a real grandeur in the man, perceivable of all beholders; a fortitude that gave confidence to his friends, and the friends of truth in the darkest period. How many who have leaned upon his arm, who looked to him for counsel, and who have been delivered by him out of the hand of their adversaries will exclaim, as they hear the mournful tidings of his death, as did Elisha when Elijah ascended to Heaven, "My father!

my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." How many will feel that their "Strong rods are broken and withered," and lift up the prayer, "help Lord for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail among the children of men;" and lament as did David over Jonathan, "I am distressed for thee my brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me, thy love to me was wonderful."

As our brother's life adorned his good profession and his holy office, so his death was not without proof of the comforting presence and power of the Holy Spirit. In his last sickness, which was unusually severe, being asked by Mrs. Bull the occasion of his great apparent mental agitation, he replied, 'prayer, prayer for the church.' A few hours before his death, he whispered, "happy—happy—happy," as though the saw the Heavenly City, and the innumerable company of angels; as though, while lingering in the broken house of his tabernacle, God gave him glimpses of the glories about to be fully revealed.

"Hark they whisper! angels say
Sister spirit come away.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!
O Grave where is thy victory?
O Death where is thy sting?

Or we may interpret these last words, extraordinary, as proceeding from our composed and not easily excited friend, as implying what is expressed by the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Our beloved brother's work was done, his goal reached, and the number of his months, and the appointed bounds that he could not pass. Though it seems a mysterious providence which has taken him in the maturity of his bodily and mental

vigor, yet we know that "He maketh his angels winds, His messengers a flame of fire," and that the spirits of just men made perfect may only be transferred at death to fields of wider range, to centres of greater influence. We weep with his bereaved and desolate household, commending them to God and his grace; and our prayer to the Father of mercies is, that to this afflicted family, to the church, and to our own souls, this mournful dispensation may work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness.